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# REV. JOHN C. LORD'S DISCOURSE

ON THE

# DEATH

OF

# HON. SAMUEL WILKESON.

Jewett, Thomas & Co. Printers.

"THE VALIANT MAN."

# A DISCOURSE

ON THE

# DEATH

OF THE

# HON. SAMUEL WILKESON

OF BUFFALO.

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# DISCOURSE.

I Samuel, XXVI, 15: II Samuel, I, 27.

ART NOT THOU A VALIANT MAN, AND WHO IS LIKE TO THEE IN ISRAEL? HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN, AND THE WEAPONS OF WAR PERISHED.

With the ancients, valor and virtue were synonimous terms. They knew no higher development of the moral nature of man than fortitude, they acknowledged no greater quality than courage. This conclusion is not so wide of the truth as it might appear to be upon a cursory examination, for moral courage properly directed, is at once the most striking characteristic of greatness, and the most exalted attribute of goodness or virtue.

The gospel was to the Gentile world the revelation of a form of valor of which they knew nothing, of a kind of courage of which they had little or no idea, yet, no new term was necessary to express the fortitude with which christianity exhorted its disciples to deny themselves ungodliness and worldly lusts, to crucify the flesh and its appetites, or the courage with which they were animated be the precepts of the Savior, to endure hardness as good

soldiers of Jesus Christ, to speak with boldness before kings, to carry the news of salvation to the ends of the earth, with danger and death ever at their side; to preach Christ and him crucified amid afflictions, persecutions and terrors, such as had been before unknown, and to endure the trial of cruel tortures invented now for the first time to terrify the soldiers of the cross in their onset upon the kingdom of darkness. Nor did the Gentiles need a new term to express the boldness with which the primitive christians were exhorted to defend the faith once delivered to the saints, to obey God rather than men, to fear no face of clay, no arm of flesh, and when the early martyrs refused to offer incense before the image of the emperor of Rome, when they declined to render to the imperial Cæsars the homage which was due only to God, when the gray headed senator, the rough soldier, the tender and delicate female and the child of years, who had been instructed in the things of the Kingdom of heaven, endured scorn and scourging and "were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain by the sword," nay, were clad in the skins of beasts, worried and torn by dogs, and cast, mangled and bleeding, into the fires, for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God, they needed no other term than virtue or courage to express the idea suggested by a heroism of which they knew no precedent and had seen no example.

The Romans had indeed known instances of patriotism. The groans of Regulus rolled upon spikes by the fierce

Carthagenians because he refused to desert or betray his country, had penetrated the hearts of all men, and the youth of Rome were taught in childhood the words "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

But to endure the worst evils for God and the truth, to suffer for conscience' sake, to receive the loss of all things that a world lying in wickedness might be enlightened, to know no difference between bond and free, Barbarian, Scythian, Greek or Jew, to die rather than endorse a falsehood by rendering a common act of homage to the majesty of Rome, was to both Greek and Roman an astonishment, a wonder, a sign to them indeed, that the promised Light who was to enlighten the Gentiles and break down the wall of partition, was now come and had set up his kingdom among men. It was but a higher form of courage, a nobler valor, a greater virtue, a more universal patriotism. They had seen the systems of polytheism meet and mingle at Rome, they had gloried in the fact that all Gods were tolerated and all religions practiced in the Eternal City, where were gathered the captive Deities of the various forms of paganism throughout the world, now domiciled and naturalized in that vast capital which claimed to be mistress of the whole earth; but they had never before seen a religion whose doctrines were exclusive and supreme, whose followers had the courage to proclaim by the very altars of their false gods, "there is none other name under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved," and who had the valor to die for their faith.

These were valiant men, such as had not been seen before, and this example so wrought upon the Gentiles that it became a proverb among the primitive christians "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." No wonder then that the Apostle Peter exhorted the people of God to add to their faith, virtue, by which he intended valor, the true signification of the term in the original; or we may understand him as saying, "make proof of your faith by your courage."

The high and rare quality of valor so greatly esteemed among the ancients, was the image and shadow of that divine grace in the church, which enabled her to contend against all the powers of evil, and to triumph over a world in arms, against principalities and powers in high places, the rulers of the darkness of this world, who had enthroned themselves in all places of worship and secured the allegiance of all the nations of the earth. If the triumphs of christianity are not now what they were in the first ages of the church—if, as all must admit, she fails to progress with the same power and rapidity, it is because she does not add to her faith valor—because there are so few valiant men "the arms of whose hands are made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." We have said that courage is rare in this world, as a natural quality, by which we do not mean that mere physical courage which leads its possessor under all the excitements of the battle field, to face the cannon's mouth, but the valor which enables a man to act independently, upon the basis of his

own convictions and judgment, to express his opinions boldly, even when adverse to the common current of sentiment, to act in view of obligation and duty, rather than expediency, to stand for what he deems to be true, if compelled to stand alone amid a storm of reproach and obloquy, to face like a valiant man an army of opponents, to expose tyranny and corruption though clad in regal or sacerdotal vestments, and defended by a host of venal parasites or vacillating time servers. We mean that valor which makes a man something beside a mere echo of the thoughts and sentiments of others, which constitutes a true nobleman of nature's election, a real king, or leader of men whose royalty is sufficiently manifest without the purple or the diadem, who answers to that description in the Old Testament so commonly applied to the truly great, whether kings or subjects, prophets or statesmen, priests or warriors, "He was a mighty man of valor." Thus Gideon threshing wheat under the oak of Ophrah is styled by the angel "The Lord is with thee thou mighty man of valor." So David while a mere youth, feeding his father's flocks, is called a mighty, valiant man and a man of war and prudent in matters. Thus Abner is styled in the text, and Zadoc the Priest, in the book of Chronicles. We mean by courage, the substantial element of true greatness, ever rare, yet never more so than in this age of ours. How small the number of men, in this day, who are any thing more than mere cyphers in a row, whose value and importance exist in, and are ascertained by, the prefixed

unit which is called public sentiment. How is individual responsibility merged in the action of the masses, and private opinion crushed beneath the weight of that blind Giant called the public voice, who staggers onward unguided and undirected, without aim or end, presenting the single energy of brute force and governing by the simple element of pure despotism.

Who now dares maintain an individual opinion? Who does not seek the shelter of some action of the masses, of some aggregation or combination for the defence of his position on moral or political questions? What argument is so powerful for the maintainance of a sentiment, or the wisdom of a measure as that a majority are in favor of it, which is not even presumptive evidence of the truth of the one, or the expediency of the other. Who hopes for success without the prestige of a supposed numerical superiority? What argument so prominent in the great political canvass for the highest office in this Republic, what plea is so urged, what motive so counted on, what declaration so stereotyped in our public journals as that of the candidate's prospect of success? "The public voice is with us, we have a majority, our party were never so numerous, so united or so determined!—Let the weak yield to the strong, let right give way to might!" Even in the church the grace of valor is exceedingly rare, nay, it has come to be discredited and called by harsh names. If a man stand for the faith he is styled a Polemic; if he is clear and earnest in his opinions and their statement, he is a dogmatist;

if he resists the insidious approaches of error and blows the trumpet of alarm when the enemy comes in like a flood, he is a man of war from his youth and to be shunned on this account, by those who cry peace, peace, though the Master said "I came not to send peace on the earth but a sword." Charity is made the plea in the church for cowardice—a time-serving spirit that abandons principle for ease and quiet, and truth for popularity, is called humility and brotherly kindness. An infidel eclectism prevails, which finds something true and praiseworthy in every system, and so sacrifices the gospel upon the altar of that spirit of compromise, which led the Romans to unite with their own every other form of religion, and compound in one that mass of abominations upon which christianity fell like a consuming fire. Against this philosophy the early christians arrayed themselves in a position of uncompromising hostility; unterrified by the charge that they were turning the world upside down, and creating tumult, confusion and persecution, for they knew that truth was eternally hostile to error, that light and darkness could never mingle, that they could not serve two masters, and that the attempt to unite the altars of God and Mammon was ever a cowardly sacrifice of principle to expediency. The slanders of their opponents, the bitterness of the enmity which they awakened, never moved them from their purpose, for they knew the Master had said, "the servant is not above

his Lord; if they have persecuted me they will persecute you," and "woe unto you when all men speak well of you."

These remarks are appropriate as an introduction to a brief account of the distinguished man whose recent death we are called to notice and improve to-day, because of all the high qualities which gave him an extended influence and a national reputation, courage was the most marked and prominent.

Judge Wilkeson was a valiant man, of whom we may say, as David of Abner, "few were like him in Israel." It was his fearlessness, his native energy, ever undaunted by difficulties, and unterrified by opposition, that gave prominence, if not development, to his great intellectual powers. To the want of this quality more than any other, may be attributed, the neglect often experienced by men of genius; no less than the continued obscurity of multitudes whose gifts of intellect would have enabled them to have held Senates in wrapt attention, or to have successfully guided the vessel of State. The fact so often observed that a great crisis makes great men, that times of revolution, change and terror, when the sun in the political heavens is darkened, abound with the gifted and heroic, whose displays of intellect and power, are the admiration and the envy of succeeding and more quiet ages, proves the truth of this remark. Men are forced into action by the exigencies of troublous times; the fearful are made courageous by the convulsions and dangers which they cannot escape, and Giants are seen warring with upheaved mountains, where

otherwise and under other circumstances, Pigmies alone are discovered hiding in the clefts of the rocks. It is in times of peace and security that the words of Gray's beautiful elegy in a country church-yard are verified :

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.
>
> Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
> Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
> They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

It is no small proof of the extraordinary courage and energy of Samuel Wilkeson, that he should have not only distinguished himself and wielded so great an influence in times of quiet and prosperity, but that he should have attained his elevated position under the most adverse circumstances. Born in a new settlement of Pennsylvania, when the country was convulsed with the struggle for independence, during the flight of his family from the seat of war, and while his parents were exiles in the wilderness, no school opened its doors for his reception in his childhood. He had but two books to engage his penetrating intellect—the book of nature, the mountains, rivers and forests of the rugged place of his nurture, the glorious heavens above, spreading the same magnificent arch over the people of every land, in every place, whether city or desert, forest or field; and the Book of Revelation, without which no Scottish Presbyterian, (for he was of this noble descent,) ever crossed the ocean or settled

the wilderness. The Covenanter twice exiled—first to Ireland and then to the new world—no more hunted by the bloody instruments of tyranny, no more compelled to worship God in the dens and caves of the earth, or upon the Hill Side with armed sentinels stationed around the congregation to give notice of the approach of the soldiers of the persecuting and faithless Stuarts, whose military executions were more summary than those of the pagan Cæsars',—was yet in the wilderness of western Pennsylvania without a house of worship. But what was this to the men of that pure and primitive faith, who had learned that the living God dwells not in temples made with hands? What was it to them if they worshipped under the arches of the ancient forests, with the free light of Heaven shining in the intervals of the woods with an effect that no painting or architecture can imitate? What cared these valiant men for visible altars, who offered spiritual sacrifices upon altars erected in their hearts? What to them was the glitter and show of externals, who abhorred the superstitions of that hollow but gorgeous worship, whose officials had by their cruelty made both Popery and Prelacy an abomination, and a hissing to the Scottish and Irish Presbyterians? How often has our venerable friend and brother described the places where he first heard the word of God from the early missionaries in the wilderness,—'an opening in the forest, with a stump for a pulpit and rude logs arranged for seats under the open canopy of heaven.' It was thus the Presbyterians

who settled that part of Pennsylvania were accustomed to assemble on the Sabbath, thinking of the hill-sides of Scotland, where amid a scenery, almost as wild as that of an American wilderness, they had formerly convened with arms in their hands to protect their women and children from violence, thankful now that their Sabbath offering was no more disturbed with the rattle of musketry and with the cries of wounded and dying brethren.

Without the means of education, destined apparently to the hard and laborious life of a farmer in the new settlements, without any advantages of fortune or patronage, young WILKESON seemed likely to live and die in that comparative obscurity to which all things appeared to tend in his early history. But he was a valiant man and fought his way upward against difficulties which to the vast majority of men would have appeared insurmountable. Without the indomitable courage, which we esteem his great and peculiar characteristic, his powers would have remained undeveloped, his strength unknown, his influence unfelt. Who could have imagined that the youthful Pennsylvanian with hardly the rudiments of an English education, of uncultivated manners, and in the coarse clothing of a borderer upon civilization, going forth to seek his fortune in the world with his strong features, rough speech, and woodman's habits, would come to deliver the decisions of the law as Judge, and fill with distinguished ability a place in the Senate of the greatest state of the confederacy? Who would have supposed that his genius, his knowledge

and sound judgment would attract the attention and secure the admiration of the most distinguished men in the United States, and that in connexion with the cause of Colonization and at the head of a Society which has its auxiliaries throughout the Union, he would become known and appreciated over our vast country as the leader of a national enterprise, who had in his natural powers, in his energy and courage, in his extensive and general information, few equals and no superiors? Who could have dreamed that this wild and uncultivated boy would take a place like this and grow up to an intellectual stature which should give him a position among the small number of truly great men, and an influence beyond the city of his residence or the country of his birth; for the name of SAMUEL WILKESON is inseparably connected with the cause of African Colonization, and is numbered with the deliverers of a continent, to be remembered and honored by the world, in the day when "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God." Across the Atlantic there is a durable monument of his fame in the free State of Liberia, whose inscription shall yet be read by the untold millions of that vast continent, as through the wide and effectual door which he aided to open, the light of civilization and christianity shall dawn upon the children of Ham. Then it shall be seen, if it be not already discernable, through the fogs of prejudice, and the heats of fanaticism, that the enterprise of African Colonization is the only wise, safe and efficient measure of all the devices which look to the welfare

of the black man, the only one that has really tended to the elevation of this degraded and down-trodden race, whether enslaved abroad, or roaming over the sands of their native and burning climate. What is now apparent to impartial and careful observers, will hereafter be seen and acknowledged by all, that the African can only be elevated on his own continent, away from the shadow of the white race, free to develope his powers and prove his natural equality with his brethren, and prepared by his position to win his barbarous and pagan kindred to the truth, able at last to startle with his cannon the Harpies that haunt the coast of Africa for slaves, and make his flag respected in every sea, and by all the nations of the earth.

How insignificant and trifling appear the civil and political honors of our departed friend, compared with his connexion with a great moral enterprize, which looks to the redemption of a continent; which, passing out of the circle of social and political relationship, beyond the boundaries of country, color and climate, embraces the world in its efforts and seeks the recovery of the race. As the promise of the Father to the Son is accomplished, as the King of men is set on the holy hill of Zion, as the Heathen become his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth his possession, the renown of monarchs, heroes and warriors must decline, the limited field of their action and glory will be forgotten. The reputation that is local, the fame that is merely national, must diminish as the common

brotherhood of men is made apparent by the progress of the kingdom of Christ, but who can tell with what admiration and reverence the recovered world will embalm the names of those who, in the day of apathy and apostacy, of selfishness and fanaticism, of discord, jealousy and strife among the nations, led the forlorn hope of a ruined race and fought against the most fearful odds—who counted him faithful who had promised, and valiantly led the despised band who contended for the Kingship of the Son of God, assailed the dominion of Satan, and planted the foundations upon which the world's recovery is heralded, embracing in their sympathies and efforts not a city, a nation or an empire, but a world. With the opening of doors for Africa, with the efforts to redeem the children of Canaan from the curse, to chase away the night of centuries resting as a dark cloud upon that third part of the earth, with the glory, honor and immortality which belong to the first efforts of mighty valiant men to plant the gospel in the haunts of the slave-trader, amid two hundred millions of barbarians, the name of Samuel Wilkeson is inseperably connected, and though his body rests in the mountains of Tennessee, his epitaph may yet be written by an African at the Equator. The memory of the lad who first heard the gospel in the forests that skirt the Alleghanies, may be gratefully cherished and his influence felt by coming generations on the banks of the Niger and at the sources of the Nile. What a glorious thought is this, that a man in the short period of an ordinary life may connect

himself with the highest interests of the universe, may write his name in imperishable characters upon the enterprises which are to accomplish the regeneration of our race, and may perpetuate his influence to the end of time, by valiant effort in behalf of Him who is destined to put all things under his feet, to open the doors of the prison house, and to set the captives free—to break every yoke of bondage, and chase away every remnant of darkness.

The natural impulse in view of the death of a great and good man—the first burst of lamentation, is like that of David over Jonathan—"How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished." We are ready to exclaim, 'the bow of strength is broken—the shield is hung up in the hall—the sword is rusting in the scabbard—the strong man has bowed himself—the battle has ceased at the gate—the valiant has fallen in the conflict with death—the strong rods are broken and withered—the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken! They are gone who were swifter than eagles and stronger than lions—the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places—how are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!' Our first thought is to lift up the prayer, "help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." But anon we hear a voice from heaven saying "write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Judge Wilkeson became a resident of this city before the close of the war of 1812, when it was but an inconsiderable frontier village, and was engaged in the partial defence of Buffalo which was attempted at the time the town was invaded, and destroyed by the British. His early identification with the interests of this city is well known, and it will probably be conceded that to no man, living or dead, is Buffalo so much indebted for its rapid growth and present position as the Queen City of the great inland seas of the North. Indeed it may be questioned whether this city would have been anything more than a mere dependancy upon a neighboring village, had the providence of God directed the footsteps of Judge Wilkeson to another quarter.

Although a deep interest was felt by all the citizens here to secure the advantages of the natural position of Buffalo—though a law was obtained in 1818 authorizing a survey of a harbor, and a loan in 1819 of $12,000 to build it, yet without the courage and energy of Samuel Wilkeson, without his peculiar qualifications, without his devoted personal superintendence of the work which made Buffalo the terminus of the Erie canal, the project, to human view, must have been abandoned. No disparagement is intended of the efforts and sacrifices made by others. Among the dead are Charles Townsend and Oliver Forward, who signed with him that bond which pledged their private fortunes to the repayment of the hazardous loan which laid the corner stone of this growing city; among the living

there are many who, to the extent of their means and influence, aided in this great work. But where was the man who could make a harbor with twelve thousand dollars? where the valiant man that would baffle the winds and shut up the waves within the necessary bounds, and stay the devastating sweep of the fearful storms which annually career over the lakes with this insignificant sum—a work which subsequently cost the general government two hundred thousand dollars? Who else had the physical courage to labor with his men shoulder-deep in the water from sunrise to sunset? Who here had the same control over others, or could induce a gang of laborers to endure the exhausting toils of an undertaking the recorded perils of which are really startling?* Without a leader possessing

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* From a brief history of the early incidents connected with the Buffalo Harbor, which appeared a few years since in the Commercial Advertiser of this city, from the pen of Judge Wilkeson, we make the following extracts:

"But a harbor we were resolved to have. Application was accordingly made to the Legislature for a survey of the creek, and an act was passed on the 10th of April, 1818, authorising the survey, and directing the Supervisors of the county of Niagara to pay three dollars a day to the surveyor, and to assess the amount upon the county. The survey was made by the present Hon. William Peacock, during the summer of that year, gratuitously. Then came the important question, where to get the money to build this harbor? At that day no one thought of looking to Congress for appropriations, and there was no encouragement to apply to the Legislature of the State. The citizens could not raise the means, however willing they might have been. A public meeting was called, and an agent (the Hon. Chas. Townsend) was appointed to proceed to Albany and obtain a loan. Jonas Harrison, Ebenezer Walden, H. B. Potter, J. G. Camp, O.

the combined physical and mental energy of our departed friend, without a valiant man whose like could not be found in our Israel to devote his whole powers of body and

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Forward, A. H. Tracy, E. Johnson, E. F. Norton and Charles Townsend were the applicants. Judge TOWNSEND, after a protracted effort, succeeded, and an act was passed April 17th, 1819, authorizing a loan to the above persons and their associates of $12,000, for twelve years, to be secured on bond and mortgage, and applied to the construction of a harbor, which the state had reserved the right to take when completed, and to cancel the securities. The year 1819 was one of general financial embarrasment, and no where was the pressure or want of money more sensibly felt than in the lake country. It had no market, and its produce was of little value. Some of the associates became embarrassed and others discouraged. The summer passed away, and finally all refused to execute the required securities except Judge TOWNSEND and Judge FORWARD. Thus matters stood in December, 1819. Unless the condition of the loan should be complied with, the appropriation would be lost, and another might not easily be obtained; for the project of a harbor at Black Rock and the termination of the canal at that place was advocated by influential men, and the practibility of making a harbor at the mouth of Buffalo creek, was seriously questioned. At this crisis, Judge WILKESON, who had declined being on the original company, came forward, and with Messrs. TOWNSEND and FORWARD agreed to make the necessary security. This was perfected during the winter of 1820."

Speaking of the failure of the superintendent first appointed, who was removed:—

"No one could be found experienced in managing men, who would undertake the superintendence. Mr. TOWNSEND was an invalid and consequently unable to perform the duty. Mr. FORWARD was wanting in the practical experience that was necessary. Mr. WILKESON had never seen a harbor and was engaged in business that required his unremitted attention. But rather than the effort should be abandoned he finally consented to undertake the superintendence and proceeded immediately to mark out a spot for the erection of a shanty on the beach between the creek and the lake—hired a few laborers,—gave

soul to the enterprise, it must have failed. If there be a citizen among that early band of enterprising men who laid the foundations of Buffalo, who was pre-eminent among oth-

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the necessary orders for lumber, cooking utensils and provisions. The boarding house and sleeping room were completed that same day.

"Neither clerk or other assistant, not even a carpenter to lay out the work, was employed for the first two months to aid the superintendent; who beside directing all the labor, making contracts, receiving materials, &c., labored in the water with the men, as much exposed as themselves, and conformed to the rules proscribed to them of commencing work at daylight, and continuing until dark, allowing half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. Beside the labors of the day, he was often detained until late at night waiting the arrival of boats, to measure their loads of stone, and to see them delivered in the pier, as without this vigilance some of the boatmen would unload their stone into the lake which was easier than to deposite it in the pier."

After recording the perils of the work, its partial destruction at various times and the constancy and courage with which their repeated disasters were at last overcome, he says—

"Thus was completed the first work of the kind ever constructed on the lakes. It had occupied two hundred and twenty-one working days in building, (the laborers always resting on the Sabbath) and extended into the lake about eighty rods to twelve feet water. It was begun, carried on and completed principally by three private individuals, some of whom mortgaged the whole of their real estate to raise the means for making an improvement in which they had but a common interest. And now, although but twenty years have elapsed, these sacrifices and efforts, and even the fact that such a work ever existed, are unknown to most of the citizens of Buffalo, who have only seen the magnificent stone pier erected at a cost of over $200,000. But should the names of those who projected and constructed the first pier be remembered, for a few years, yet the subordinate actors by whose faithful labors the drudgery of this work was accomplished must remain unknown even to those who enjoy the immediate fruits of their labor in wealth and luxury."

ers in his efforts, who deserves above all to be remembered and to have his name indissolubly connected with the history of the city of his adoption by a record of his life or by monumental honors, that citizen is the one whose decease we this day lament. Who has forgotten the conflict he sustained against one of the strongest men in the State in behalf of Buffalo? Who has not heard of the war between rival towns, a war of conflicting interests, in which JUDGE WILKESON as a mighty man of valor was victor against principalities and powers. But the detail of these things or the particulars of the political life of JUDGE WILKESON will not be expected upon this occasion. It will be enough to say that between the years 1820 and 1830 he was appointed first Judge of this county, was elected a member of the Assembly, and at the expiration of his term was sent from the eighth District to the Senate of this State. He was one of the first citizens chosen to fill the office of Mayor after the incorporation of this city, and performed its duties with his characteristic intrepidity and zeal, infusing his energy into the administration of its affairs, and making its police, for the time, a terror to evil doers. It is not too much to say that he filled all these stations with distinguished ability and with continually increasing reputation to himself and advantage to his constituents. Soon after the close of his political career he became connected with the American Colonization Society and acted for several years as an agent and manager of the affairs of this benevolent institution without compensation.

His papers show the extensive knowledge he had acquired of the geography of Africa, of the moral and physical condition of its population and the profound interest he felt in the elevation of its degraded and barbarous tribes, an interest that was not diminished by his retirement from his official connexion with the cause, as years and infirmities increased, but that continued to the end of his life.

The person of JUDGE WILKESON was tall and commanding, the expression of his countenance somewhat stern and severe, but full of intellect and significant of his wonderful power and energy of character. While no man was more attached to his friends, it was perhaps a fault of our departed brother that he never sought to conciliate his enemies. Fearless of the opposition and enmity which men of his position and character always excite, to a greater or less extent, he was perhaps not sufficiently anxious to explain his motives, or to go into a justification of any plan of action adopted by him which aroused opposition. Satisfied himself of the wisdom and rectitude of his course, he was habitually careless of the opinions of adversaries and went boldly to his object, not only without equivocation or concealment, but without explanation. To this inflexibility of character may be traced the origin of many controversies, and the continued bitterness of some enmities which might otherwise have been prevented or healed, and though it was not mingled with any thing vindictive, yet it was undoubtedly a defect, which perhaps no one would be more ready to recognize and

acknowledge than himself. He was eminently fearless in the expression of his opinions, and never shrunk from the exposure of any corruption in high or low places, whatever danger might be incurred or whatever hostilities aroused; he was in this respect a valiant man, and few like him are to be found in our Israel.

He was distinguished for the influence he exerted over other minds. He was a natural leader of men, and would have filled with credit and honor the most exalted stations of Government and authority. He had an extraordinary faculty of impressing his opinions upon others, and leading them to conclusions which seemed their own but were really his. There was a vigor of thought and action about Judge Wilkeson that naturally subjected to his influence those who came within his sphere; like the strong current of a rapid river, drawing within its control, carrying with its flow and impelling with its motion, the objects that would otherwise have remained inert and stationary. He communicated his energy to other men, and gave impulse and movement to other minds by the vigor of his own. In former ages and under other circumstances he might have led armies to victory, or headed a revolution against tyranny, or founded a dynasty, for he had all the essential elements of the old hero race who were made rulers and kings because they were "mighty men of valor," —who were elevated by common consent, as the ancient Goths bore their elective monarchs aloft on their shields, an acknowledgement and sign of a superiority, not of

accident, but of intellect and courage. Judge Wilkeson was entirely free from that common error of little minds, of attempting to maintain an apparent consistency of opinion at the expense either of veracity or integrity. Notwithstanding his inflexibility of purpose and iron will, he was ready to be corrected and open to conviction. Any view that he had taken, any course that he had adopted, which afterwards appeared erroneous he readily and openly abandoned. As an illustration of this trait the following fact has been furnished by one who knew him intimately. A few months after he had made a public profession of religion, Judge Wilkeson was appointed upon a committee of conference to promote a certain measure of a moral and religious character. He made some suggestion in regard to the matter, or advised some plan which was thought by a much younger member of the Committee to be imbued with the spirit of worldly, rather than divine wisdom, which he frankly stated. The Judge immediately replied, "those who have practised upon the suggestions of expediency until they are old, are likely to be misled by them, and you, my young friend cannot understand how much a man, long trained in the maxims of the world, has to contend with,"—a noble reply to a just reproof. To that pretended consistency which implies either an incapability of error or of progress, he made no pretension, and those who do, seem to forget that the assumption clothes him who makes it with the attributes of God in the one case, by supposing him

infallible, or makes him in the other a fool, by denying him the power or the disposition to correct his errors, or increase his knowledge. It is not consistency, but cowardice that leads a class of men to cleave to their ancient errors and adhere to their mistaken opinions. The valiant man can no more be bound by them, than could Samson by the cords of the Philistines. He goes where truth leads, if he goes alone, unmoved by the snarling of that envious crew, who invariably dog the heels of all who rise above their own inferior and contemptible standard. That Judge Wilkeson was not liable to be warped by the strong views he took of his own side of a question, or that he was incapable of prejudice is not intended by these remarks, but that he could bear reproof, and when convinced of an error was ready to acknowledge his mistake and retrace his steps.

Our departed brother possessed unusual conversational powers, and we venture to affirm that few men were ever in his company even for a brief period, without receiving the impression that he was an extraordinary person, and retaining a lively recollection of his appearance and address. No one has travelled with him or spent half an hour at a public table in his society, who was not convinced that he was enjoying the conversation of a man of splendid intellect, of varied knowledge, and acute observation. With what prompt and withering rebuke he has reproved improprieties and purse proud insolence, and brawling infidelty and profanity, in public places, there are

living witnesses, who will never forget the power of his eye, the sternness of his look, and the severity of his sarcasm. Let those of you who have long known JUDGE WILKESON, think for a moment and consider, whether you remember any individual among your acquaintances who generally resembles him? Can you recall any person who would remind you of his appearance, manner or address, or whose mental characteristics are sufficiently similar to sustain a comparison? He was a man "*sui generis*" in almost every respect, and although he may have had equals in capacity, yet he possessed those peculiarities of mind and manner which attract universal attention and prevent all idea of resemblance.

No man could be more affectionate and indulgent in his family than JUDGE WILKESON. Whatever impression he may have made upon casual acquaintances by a certain apparent severity of manner, those who knew him best can testify that as a friend, as a husband, and as a father, his conduct was characterized by a kindness and affection rarely equalled. He was thrice married to women of superior talents and character. It is but a few months since the tears of a whole community bedewed the grave of that excellent and eminent female *Mrs. MARY PETERS WILKESON, his last wife, whose sudden death undoubtedly hastened

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* NOTE.—The following brief sketch of the life and character of Mrs. W. is extracted from the funeral discourse delivered upon the occasion of her death. It was the design of Judge WILKESON to have had the whole sermon published. In view of this and in accordance

his own. Former afflictions had come upon him in the vigor of his strength—this in the sere and yellow leaf, when the keepers of the house begin to tremble and they that look out of the windows are darkened. In his declining years she was to him an excellent gift from God, an orna-

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with the wishes of her friends the extract which follows has been selected, and appears in this connexion.

"She was a daughter of Gen. Absalom Peters, of Hebron, Conn., who was of the old Puritan descent, The Peters family were renowned as the friends of evangelical truth and civil liberty in the fierce contentions of the 17th century in England, in which the foundation of English and American freedom were laid by the final overthrow of the Stuarts at the abdication of James II. The celebrated Hugh Peters, who was beheaded in 1660, in the reign of Charles II, was a brother of Gen. Peters' great grandfather. The Mother of Mrs. Wilkeson was a daughter of Nathanial Rogers Esq., a descendant of the fifth generation from the Martyr John Rogers of England, who was burned at Smithfield in 1550. This is not narrated simply to show the descent of our departed sister from an ancestry illustrious for ability and for their defence of civil and religious liberty, but that we may notice the faithfulness of God to the original covenant, on which he founded the Church, in the family of Abraham, when he said, "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee in all their generations."—to show that she was of that holy generation, that royal priesthood, that peculiar people, of whom were the fathers and to whom and to their children after them, are the promises. A child of the covenant, Mrs. Wilkeson was trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and early manifested unusual talents which cultivated with care and sanctified by the grace of God, placed her eventually at the head of one of the most distinguished Seminaries of learning for females in the United States. In the discharge of her onerous and highly responsible duties as Principal of this school, on the classic ground of New Haven, she spent many years of her life, previous to her marriage with Judge Wilkeson, with distinguished reputation to herself and usefulness to others. Her works do follow her, her wit-

ment to her sex, distinguished for her attainments, eminent for her piety, whose winning deportment, lovely example, and extensive charities won all hearts. The whole city was moved at her death as though each had lost a personal friend and benefactor, and what must have been the grief

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nesses are scattered over a continent, her memorials are to be found in households in almost every section of our extended Union, in the characters of wives and mothers formed under her influence, upon whose hearts the tidings of her sudden death will fall heavily, and tears will be shed, and prayer offered and lamentation made by multitudes who received from her lips enduring lessons of wisdom and piety. If we could follow the tidings of her decease to all the households that will mourn her loss; if we could mark the effect upon the numerous pupils upon whom she left the grand impression of her great intellect and her ardent piety; if we could trace out all the streams of influence springing out from the Seminary at New Haven, and for a time like silver threads gliding onward until they become majestic rivers, bearing household treasures and immortal influences on their broad expanse; if we could observe the influence of the counsels of wisdom and virtue instilled by mothers trained under her care, into the infant minds of those who are to be the statesmen and legislators of the next generation, we should see in the case of our departed sister the significance of the words of the text, "their works do follow them."

The intellect of Mrs. Wilkeson was of a high order, she possessed what is rarely found in combination, genius and judgment. She had with the imagination of a poet, a philosophic cast, an antique grandeur of mind, grasping easily all subjects from the highest to the lowest and this was combined with a truly feminine delicacy of thought and feeling as uniform as it was fascinating. It has been well said that she possessed a wonderful ease and simplicity of manner combined with a native and unaffected dignity and a benevolence of character which shone out in her countenance as well as in her life, which attracted all hearts. Though possessed of exquisite sensibility there was a lofty calmness in her deportment in times of trial and trouble

of our aged brother when this rod of support to him was broken and withered, and what must have been his sorrow, when all were mourners, for the wife who was the light of

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indicative of the native grandeur of her mind and her firm confidence in God.

Her Christian graces were manifest in all her life and conversation in the church, and in the world. If in a christian character of such admirable proportions, so justly balanced as that of our departed friend there can be properly any discrimination made, I should say she was distinguished especially for her benevolence, her humility, and her profound sense of dependance. Her charities were numerous, extensive and for the most part secret. Those who had wearied the patience of all others by their multiplied wants and querulousness of disposition found her yet a willing listener to their complaints, an unwearied reliever of their necessities. The words of the Patriach were applicable to her: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness unto me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon me and I caused the widows heart to sing with joy. I put on rightousness and it clothed me, my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame, and the cause I knew not I searched out." Yet she counted herself the least of all saints, exhibiting a humility of mind and a contrition of spirit which would seem in strange contrast with her blameless and holy life, and conversation to those who know not the nature of true religion and remain ignorant of the plague of their own hearts. Her constant feeling of dependence upon God, was another prominent trait in her christian character. From one of the last letters she ever wrote, addressed to a beloved sister, who mourns for her with a grief like that of Rachel, which refuses comfort, I am permitted to extract a Hymn of Praise composed by Mrs. W. during a recent journey to Chicago, and which, with what precedes it, affords a striking view of her devotional feelings. Speaking of a sleepless night, she says, "I meditated upon God in the night watches and on his providential care, and had this especially impressed upon my mind, that

his hearth, the partner of his cares, the support of his old age. It was a dark hour for our venerable friend when that noble woman died; its shadow never left him; the sun was never so bright for him afterward, nor the earth as green, nor the summer air so balmy; and "all the daugh-

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"Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear,
No vain pretense or false excuse
Can find acceptance there."

and so I resolved that I would study more to approve myself to God, who I am persuaded will never forsake those who trust in him. Oh! if we could commit all our ways to Him, it would be well with us. I finished my Hymn of Praise which I commenced at Chicago and write it out for you.

"O God of our salvation,
To thee we humbly raise
Our song of adoration,
Our sacrafice of praise.

Whose hand our way hath guided
Across the watery deep,
Each day new joy provided,
Each night refreshed with sleep.

And now, thou bounteous Giver,
Fresh mercies we implore,
For man the frail receiver
Must ever ask for more.

Withhold thy righteous sentence
Against our sin's deserts,
And lead to true repentance
Our wandering wayward hearts.

And when the voyage is ended
Of Life's uncertain sea,
And our spirits have ascended
To dwell for aye with thee—

The way the Lord hath brought us
Through all our mortal days,
And he whose blood hath bought us
Shall be our theme of praise."

ters of music were brought low" when that pleasant voice was silenced by death. He said it was well, for he recognized the hand of God; but from the day when the light of his dwelling was darkened, when the staff of his age was broken, his time-touched locks became whiter, his strong frame weaker, his brow more furrowed, his eye more dim; and standing by her tomb he could say with the afflicted patriarch, "the grave is mine house, the clods of the valley are now sweet unto me, all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

Death came again to his doors, yet not as he supposed, to dissolve the "house of his tabernacle," before the trembling gates of which the grim monarch had so often and so loudly knocked, but to chill the pulses of a promising grand child* who inherited his name—to pale a countenance glowing with health and beauty—to pass by, in the mysterious providence of God, the aged and infirm man, and cover with the deadly shadow of his wing one before whom was the promise of a long life, the only son of his mother, withered like an opening blossom before an

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But the life and character of such an one as our departed friend is an exhaustless theme and we have spoken of her not with any vain desire to exalt her character, or eulogize her intellect or magnify her piety. We have spoken for the praise of Him whose grace was exhibited in her life for the honor of the gospel, of which she was a living epistle, and because it is proper that her works, which follow her, should, now that she is beyond the influence of praise, be reported for the edification of the Church and the glory of God.

* An only son of Mr. William Wilkeson, aged about thirteen years, who was instantly killed by the falling of a beam.

untimely frost. Our venerable friend once more gazed sorrowfully into the grave's mouth—surely, so he thought, to open for him next; but it was not so appointed. He is summoned again to the death-bed of one of his family,* called in the meridian of life to the unseen world, and now he knows that he must soon lie with them that have gone before him to the dark and narrow house, yet not with them, for the Angel of Death met him in the way and his mortal remains repose in the mountains of the South West, far from the graves of his household—far from his home and his loved ones—far from the city to which his dust belongs, and the friends who would have given him a burial expressive of their esteem and worthy of his fame. He sleeps away from the resting place of his fathers, from the home of his childhood, from the city of his adoption and the theatre of his life, yet he said "what matters it where one dies"—and we know that this is nothing to him that sleeps in Jesus.

> "Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
> Thy kindred and their graves may be;
> In burning sands or frozen snows
> Believers find the same repose."

Some account of JUDGE WILKESON'S religious character will be expected on this occasion, and from this place. He who performs the last sad office of friendship and christian affection, to day, in this funeral discourse upon the occasion of the decease of a member and office bearer in this church,

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* The late Dr. Stagg.

stood with him seventeen years since in the same aisle, where a large company were assembled for the first time to receive the memorials of a Savior's love, and to acknowledge the Crucified before men. It was a solemn scene. In those aisles of the only Presbyterian church at that time erected in this city, were seen the results of a revival of religion, by far more extensive and powerful than any which preceded or have hitherto succeeded it, were assembled a large company of all ages and classes, the old, the middle-aged and the young: there were the poor and unknown, with the rich, the gifted, and the honorable, to confess the same Savior, to acknowledge a common faith and a common hope: there ancient enemies met, long estranged, now reconciled, brethren henceforth, receiving together the sacramental symbols, the communion of the body and the blood of Christ, a spectacle of wonder and joy to angels and men. From that solemn day to this, no one has been more conversant with the religious character of Judge Wilkeson, no one has better known his views and feelings upon religious subjects, no one, out of his family, has been with him in habits of more friendly and confidential intercourse than the Pastor of the church of which he was so long a member and an elder; and I do not hesitate to say that whatever power of past habit might have been manifest in a man, who first became experimentally acquainted with christianity at the age of fifty years, whatever from the bold and original cast of his mind, or from the peculiarities fixed by the passage of half a century,

may have been inferred, by prejudice or enmity, in the case of one, who had uncharitable opponents as well as warm friends, our departed brother gave clear and ample evidence of a gracious change wrought in his heart by the power of the Eternal Spirit. Says one who knew him well and who has kindly communicated several circumstances in his history, "his meekness, his noble simplicity, and marked growth in spirituality from the time of his conversion, ought not to be lost sight of, and will not by one who knew him so well as yourself."

There was apparent, in JUDGE WILKESON, after his public profession of the faith of christianity, not the mere restraints of a religious education which, however important, are no evidence of a vital union with the Redeemer—not alone that acquaintance with and respect for the gospel, which was one consequence of his Presbyterian training, but a spiritual apprehension and love of divine things, a total renunciation of his own merits as a ground of hope, a closing in with the terms of the gospel and a cleaving to His righteousness who is the "end of the Law for righteousness to every one that believeth." He had now not only a profound sense of the guilt and condemnation of human nature, but of his own unworthiness of the divine favor, and that as a sinner there was no hope for him but in that Redeemer who came to seek and to save that which is lost, and "who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." An advance was very manifest in JUDGE WILKESON in the latter years of his life, in the

knowledge of God his Savior, in a clearer apprehension of the great truths of the Scriptures, especially of those doctrines of grace maintained by the Reformers, and defended at this day by the Presbyterian church. Though entangled for a time in the heresies and heats which prevailed here extensively after his profession of religion, he soon discovered their real nature and influence, and cordially returned with this church to the General Assembly, to which he was several times elected a commissioner, and of which he was once at least a member. He evidently advanced, towards the close of his life, in the discernment and love of spiritual things; there was in him a marked growth in grace and an increase in his desire for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and in his willingness to make personal and pecuniary sacrifices for the spread of the gospel.

To the cause of Missions he was a liberal contributor. No man in this church felt a deeper interest in the spread of the gospel in the dark places of the earth.* The condition and prospects of the unhappy tribes of Africa were, as we have seen, a matter of constant and increasing weight with our lamented brother. The cause of Christian education had a large place in his thoughts, and in one of the last conversations I had with him he mentioned his design to secure the sum of ten thousand dollars to endow an insti-

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* Since the delivery of this discourse it has been ascertained that Judge Wilkeson has left a liberal bequest for the founding of a Mission on the coast of Africa.

tution of learning, to be under the care of the Judicatories of the Presbyterian Church, which, had he lived, he would have undoubtedly carried into effect. Almost all the great moral enterprises of the day had his countenance and aid, and numerous instances might be given of his readiness in every good work, and of his liberal contributions for the various objects of benevolence.

As an Elder in this church, he was excellent in counsel and prompt in his performance of the duties of his office, so far as his advancing age would permit, and notwithstanding his multiplied sorrows and increasing infirmities, though laboring under a form of disease which subjected him to the most excruciating pain and which would have utterly incapacitated most men from active exertion or warm interest in the external affairs of the church, he continued to manifest the deepest concern in the prosperity of this congregation by personal efforts and pecuniary contributions. A strong rod was broken and withered in our Zion when SAMUEL WILKESON died. In the pathetic language of the Psalmist, we may say, "Return, O Lord, how long, and let it repent thee, concerning thy servants. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."

Of the death of our departed friend and brother, while on the way to visit a daughter residing in the state of Tennessee, no very full account has been received. A stranger,* who was called to his death-bed, gives the

* Dr. MCCALL, of Tennessee.

following statement of the last scene in his life, through the columns of the New York Journal of Commerce.

"On arriving at Kingston, Roane Co., Tennessee, at 9 P. M., of the 7th inst., I was requested to see a dying stranger, JUDGE SAMUEL WILKESON, of Buffalo, New York. As an enterprising citizen whose conduct had been marked with great benevolence, I had heard of him. He had a daughter with him on their way to visit his married daughter at Tellico Plains, forty miles from this place. The latter arrived to attend his funeral at 6 o'clock this evening, the 9th. Bronchial Erysipelas of two year's standing had caused gouty and rheumatic neuralgia in the lumbar and sciatic nerve, with other constitutional derangement. He was conscious of his approaching dissolution, and met it with the most perfect calmness and submission. On asking for water, he found he could not swallow it, and turning over said he would "drink of the springs of living waters." Intently examining his benumbed limbs with his hands and piercing blue eyes, he said submissively and assentingly, "Well! Well!" Having forgotten words to express himself, his brain was actively thinking for twelve or fourteen hours, when its powers suddenly sinking, he passed from life, like one quietly reposing in sleep, not moving one muscle, nor suffering any distress. Truly his seemed to be the death of the Christian, necessary for passing the screen that conceals future life from our view. He was an active promoter of the Colonization cause, years

ago, and had long been an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church. His form and appearance strikingly resembled Gen. Jackson. He was sixty-seven years of age."

"JUDGE WILKESON" says the same writer in a subsequent statement of his disease and its termination, "could not long have survived even had he not subjected himself to change of place and the fatigue of travel."

In the impression made upon a stranger in the final struggle, we perceive another proof of the native grandeur of the man whose loss we lament, more than this we find the evidence that God was with him in the last conflict in the dark valley. But one child was present to wipe the death damps from his furrowed brow, and she a widow and desolate, whose last prop seemed now failing—who, overwhelmed by the calamity, stood trembling there to receive, rather than communicate consolation, for the last effort he made, says the attending physician, appeared to be an attempt to comfort his daughter. Strangers, compassionate and attentive indeed, but strangers still, stood by that bed of death in the hour of his mortal agony, but ONE was with our dying friend 'who sticketh closer than a brother;' ONE, who walked with the Hebrew children in the fires of the Babylonish furnace, which had been seven times heated; ONE, whose form was like the Son of God. Angels, too, were there, and as the film of death obscured his vision of earthly things, he saw them bending over him to lift the curtain of eternity and point him to the living

waters which flow fast by the throne of God. "I will drink," said he, "of the springs of living waters," when dissolving nature refused the pure element which is the type of the rivers of life in the heavenly city.

"Is it well with thee," was the enquiring look of those who gazed upon the countenance of the aged sufferer. "It is well," was his reply as he yielded his spirit to the Lord of life. We shall see him no more, until the heavens fail, until the elements melt with fervent heat, and the dead hear the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and amid the groans of a dissolving universe, assemble before the great white throne and Him who sits thereon, before whom Heaven and Earth shall flee away. But though dead he yet speaketh; a voice from that death bed, from that lone grave in the mountains comes to you who are of his blood, entreating all who are his children by descent, and who inherit his name, to be also the heirs of his faith and hope, to say from your hearts, "my father, my father, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." I am a witness to you this day of the deep and earnest solicitude of your venerable father for your salvation, often expressed to me as his pastor and friend. May you drink with him at the last of these springs of living waters, which he saw by faith before his spirit entered the unseen world.*

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* In his last letter addressed to his sons, JUDGE WILKESON says, among other things, "I may never see you again, whether I do or not, be kind to each other, be liberal, and generous—forgiving all injuries whether real or imaginary."

"This is the end of earth," said a great statesman struck down by death in the hall of the national legislature. "All flesh is grass," and man's "life is a vapor which appeareth for a moment and then vanisheth away," is the testimony of the Holy Ghost. How impressive is the lesson of the vanity of earthly honors and the brevity of human life when the great and gifted die, when we are compelled to take up the lamentation "How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished," when the strong man has bowed himself, and the bow of the valiant is broken. Happy are they, who like our departed friend, cast down their honors at the foot of the cross, who lay up durable riches and righteousness, who seek for glory, honor and immortality, even eternal life.

The same startling contrasts which move us when the great and noble go down to the land of silence and darkness, when the strong, the beautiful and the valiant bend beneath the touch of death, and seem to say in the pathetic language of Job, "my days are past, my purposes are broken off, the grave is mine house, I have made my bed in darkness, I have said to corruption thou art my father, to the worm thou art my mother and my sister," have been witnessed and felt by all former generations, the broken monuments of whose magnificence and power are scattered over the earth, like beacons on the shores of time, warning the Mariner on the Ocean of life of the inevitable shipwreck and ruin which sooner or later overtake all temporal things.

The mighty *Shadows* of the Past as they flit along the dim perspective of History, lift the finger of warning and point us to the graves of Empires, the shattered columns of the vast cities of antiquity, and to the few names of valiant men that have escaped the erasure of Time; and voices from these august *Spectres*, reverberate along the line of centuries like the sound of many waters, exclaiming 'this is the end of earth,' behold all is vanity, while voices from heaven respond 'verily man at his best estate is altogether vanity, his life is a vapor, he is crushed before the moth, his works perish, he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not;' and mournful responses from our fallen world pierce the skies, "if a man die shall he live again? and where is then our hope and where is our Deliverer?" then the Lord 'thunders from Heaven and the most High utters his voice,' before an astonished and attentive universe. "Behold, HE cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, his apparel is red, HE treads the wine-press of my wrath alone, and of the people there is none with Him,—the Angel of the Covenant, the Prince of Peace, the Everlasting Father, the Redeemer mighty to save, and they that believe in Him shall live and reign forever as kings and priests unto God. To Him be glory and dominion, Amen.

# APPENDIX.

JUDGE WILKESON was often a member of the Synod of Buffalo, aiding their deliberations by his counsels. The following notice of his death will indicate the esteem in which he was held by this body:

*Extract from the Records of the Synod of Buffalo, held at Rochester, Aug.* 17, 1848—

Whereas it has pleased God to remove from this world the Hon. SAMUEL WILKESON, late an Elder in one of our Churches, and from time to time a member of this Judicatory;

Therefore *resolved* by this Synod, that, in the death of JUDGE WILKESON we are called to mourn the loss of an individual distinguished by his high position, by his gifts of intellect, by his christian benevolence, and by his ardent attachment to the interests and his earnest efforts for the advancement of the Presbyterian Church.

*Resolved,* that we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family in their afflictions, and our prayer to God, is, that the death of our departed Brother may be sanctified to them, that his religious counsels may be embalmed in their memories, and that the Spirit of all Grace may impart to them all needful consolation and enable them to follow in his footsteps.

*Resolved,* that the Stated Clerk of the Synod address to the family of the late JUDGE WILKESON a copy of this minute.

A. T. RANKIN, *Moderator.*

A true copy from the record.

Attest JOHN C. LORD, *Stated Clerk.*

# THE SLAVERY QUESTION AND COLONIZATION.

Some years since JUDGE WILKESON published under his own name in the columns of the Commercial Advertiser of this city, several articles on the subject of Slavery and the elevation of the colored race. They were written with great ability and indicated his intimate acquaintance with this complicated and difficult question. The following extract has been selected for the reason that it presents his views on the subject of Colonization. Speaking of the free Blacks, he says:

"Wherever the white laborer came in contact with the black, he prevailed. Thus depressed, it is not surprising that so many should have become tenants of our prisons.

"In Massachusetts (in 1826,) where only one seventy-fourth part of the population were free people of color, one-sixth part of the convicts were of their number. In Connecticut, one-thirty-fourth part of the population were colored and one-third of the convicts. In Vermont, where there are only nine hundred and eighteen colored persons altogether, twenty-four of that number were in the Penitentiary. In New York, one-thirty-fourth part of the population were colored, and about one-fourth of the convicts. In New Jersey, one-thirteenth of the population and one-third of the convicts. In Pennsylvania, one-thirty-fourth part of the population, and one-third of the convicts were colored persons."

Although the relation of master and slave was dissolved, and the slaves of the eastern and middle states had become free, yet the hopes of their elevation, which had been honestly and confidently anticipated by the benevolent friends of emancipation, were disappointed. They saw the colored man excluded, by the stern law of public opinion, from social equality with the whites. However worthy and respectable the family of the negro, the parlor and the drawing-room were shut against them, and the schools were closed against their children. If a young colored man was educated, no merchant would give him employment at his counter, or in his counting-room. He could not get employed as a mechanic, for no journeyman would work

with him at the same bench, or in the same shop, or permit him to board at the same table. Had the colored man displayed the greatest perseverance and fortitude, the obstacles thrown in his way would have been insurmountable, but he possessed neither the one nor the other, and the hope of his elevation in this country could not be realised until a total change should take place in the public mind. In Massachusetts nearly half a century had passed since slavery was abolished, and no advance had been made in elevating the negro; and if the most intelligent, moral and religious community in the world would not take the poor, oppressed, and much abused African by the hand, and raise him to an equality with themselves, his case was hopeless; the fate of the red man awaited him. The free man of color was among us, but not of us.

Mr. Jefferson, and other distinguished southern men, exerted themselves successfully in awakening the attention of slave holders of the south to the evils of domestic slavery. A large number of slaves were emancipated, particularly in North Carolina and Virginia, but instead of improving their liberty, and making themselves useful as free laborers, they generally became worthless and vicious. Many masters who were prepared to emancipate their slaves were restrained from doing so, under the belief that it would be only consigning them to wretchedness.

The friends of the colored man, disappointed, but not discouraged, resolved to make another effort for his elevation, by seeking a country to which he could remove and call it his home, where he would have no white man to lord it over him, where all the stimulants and inducements to noble and manly effort would be felt, where he would be the maker and executor of his own laws, and could hope to see his race rise by their own energies to the enjoyment of religious and civil liberty. This was a plan worthy of the men who conceived it, men who could not be suspected of selfishness, who loved to do good to their fellow men, because they were immortal follow beings. Deeply sympathising with the children of Africa in our own country, and for whom their seemed no hope, to whom emancipation was scarcely a blessing, they resolved upon Colonization.

The formation of the American Colonization Society, its object—the commencement of a colony in Liberia on the western coast of Africa, and its progress up to this time, are known to the American public. Whatever may be the fate of that colony, the scheme of colonization

itself was evidently wise and benevolent, and adapted to the end in view. The object of this society was to remove free colored men with their own consent, from a country where insurmountable difficulties appeared to be in the way of their elevation, to a country where all their energies could be called into action and have full scope. Some of the early friends of the society, no doubt had other views than those expressed, in giving their support: this does not however detract from its merit, nor from the wisdom and benevolence of its founders. If the chances of success had been ever so doubtful, the experiment was bold, and commended itself to the benevolent world. The good to be attained, if successful, would embrace the whole African race. But the scheme itself was practicable, and the partial success which at first attended its prosecution, is attributable to causes which could not have been foreseen, and to errors which might have been avoided."

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